

*The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill Department of Music*  
*presents*

# UNC CHAMBER SINGERS AND CAROLINA CHOIR

THOMAS BASTABLE, PIANO  
SUSAN KLEBANOW, CONDUCTOR

Saturday, April 22, 2023

7:00 pm

James and Susan Moeser Auditorium

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## PROGRAM

As by the streams of Babylon (Psalm 137)

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

Au bord des eaux de la cité païenne (Psalm 137)

Claude Goudimel (1510-1572)

Les Deux Cités (Paul Claudel)

Darius Milhaud (1892-1974)

Babylone

Elégie

Jerusalem

Sarah Brooks, Vasilisa Iumatova, William Woodruff, *soloists*

They are at rest (John Henry Newman)

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

Elegy (Horace Lorenzo Trim)

Daniel Elder (b. 1986)

Rest

Ken Burton (b. 1970)

Revecy venir du printemps

Claude Le Jeune (1528-1600)

French Choruses from The Lark

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

Spring Song

Court Song

Soldier's Song

Isabel Swindall, Brady Leger, *soloists*

I'm Gonna Sing 'Til The Spirit Moves In My Heart (Moses Hogan)

Moses Hogan  
(1957-2003)

CHAMBER SINGERS

**The Sweetheart of the Sun** (Thomas Hood)

Eric William Barnum (b. 1979)

**Six Chansons** (Rainer Maria Rilke)

Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)

La Biche  
Un Cygne  
Puisque tout passe  
Printemps  
En Hiver  
Verger

**Grace Before Sleep** (Sara Teasdale)

Susan LaBarr (b. 1981)

**My Heart Be Brave** (John Weldon Johnson)

Marques L. A. Garrett (b. 1984)

**CAROLINA CHOIR**

**Rockin' Jerusalem** (André J. Thomas)

André J. Thomas (b. 1952)

**UNC CHAMBER SINGERS  
CAROLINA CHOIR**

## UNC CHAMBER SINGERS

### **Soprano**

Elizabeth Banyas  
Sarah Brooks  
Lily Gray Flournoy  
Regan Rhymes  
Isabel Swindall

### **Alto**

Olivia Ciani  
Vasilisa Iumatova  
Riley Mills  
Yan Zhu

### **Tenor**

Brady Leger  
Matthew Torkelson  
William Woodruff

### **Bass**

Ethan Bunch  
Alex Cáceres

## CAROLINA CHOIR

### **Soprano**

Ananyaa Arvind  
Ann Ascher  
\*Emma-Katherine Bowers  
\*Hannah Gorski  
Isabelle Kosempa  
Caroline Mays  
Aurora Milholin  
\*Imani Oluoch  
Alice Park  
+Emma Salyards  
Victoria Song  
\*Leah Taylor  
Chisom Uzokwe  
Laila Valentine  
Lindsey Vaughan  
Ana-Katherine Weeks

### **Alto**

Robyn Ardern  
Ashley Dowdney  
Lauren Evancho  
Haylie Heller  
Julia Holoman  
\*Carrina Macaluso  
Dalia Marquez  
Nakayla McConnaughey  
+Amelia Mehr  
Faith Mynheer  
Suzannah Claire Perry  
Sophia Pontzer  
Mason Roth  
Skyah Rule  
Leni Schenkel  
Mohan Tao

### **Tenor**

Zach Ferguson  
+Scott Gilliam  
Zach Jackson  
William D. Jones  
\*Kevin Tillman  
Tim Yardley

### **Bass**

+Alexander Cáceres  
Ryan Dugan  
\*Ryan Mix  
\*Henry Vivona Farnham  
Andrew Perry  
Perry Tseng

*\*Choir Council  
+Section Leader*

## TRANSLATIONS

### **GOUDIMEL (PSALM 137): AU BORD DES EAUX DE LA CITÉ PAÏENNE**

By the waters of the pagan city in our exile, we shared our sorrows,  
We remember you, Jerusalem.  
How to sing the immortal psalms?  
To poplars we suspended our harps.  
People without voice make a breeze from tears.

### **MILHAUD (CLAUDEL): LES DEUX CITÉS (THE TWO CITIES)**

#### **Babylone**

Fallen is she, proud Babylon the mighty!  
Except the Lord our God build the house, except the Lord the city doth guard,  
The great city is built in vain, 'tis in vain that men labor, vainly the watchman doth wake,  
Vainly do they toil to raise of the walls, who build the ramparts of the city.  
Fallen is she, proud Babylon the mighty!  
Oh! Oh! Woe! Woe! Ah me! Ah me!  
I, John, I did hear an eagle calling high in the midst of heaven, and he cried:  
Oh! Oh! Woe! Woe! Ah me! Ah me!  
Proud Babylon, Babylon now is fallen!  
Know ye that God, of her sins once more has grown mindful,  
He shall hold to her lips a goblet, one that is filled unto the brim with wine,  
wine whose fire has not been quenched. Come out from that vile city, my people.  
Fallen is she!  
All, all who stand without the city shall say, all trembling in their fear:  
Ah me! Ah me! Woe! Woe! Oh! Oh!  
Proud Babylon the mighty!  
The busy port is gone, now are the storehouses gone!  
Now is the shop in ruins, now is the market in ruins,  
All are empty, the city is deserted, none will come to buy what she would sell.  
Merchandise of silver, of gold, and of precious stones, and of purple rich and fine,  
Of sweet-smelling sandalwood, and of ivory and all manner of rare metals wrought in strange designs,  
Yea, of cinnamon and fragrant perfumes and gems and incense rare, of wine and olives,  
of sacks of whitest wheat-flour, and of ewe-lambs and beasts that carry the yoke, and souls of mortals.  
Heaven, rejoice that now she is in ruins!  
Martyrs, lift up your cries of joy to heaven,  
Because the Lord hath now at last avenged you upon her!  
Proud Babylon, proud Babylon is fallen!  
Fallen is she! Proud Babylon the mighty!

#### **Elégie**

Now the music of the drummers and the harpers,  
yea, the harpers and all those who on instruments do play,  
The music of the trumpet, silvery flute-tones, blending of voice with another voice,  
Behold, all of these are silent forever.  
And henceforth shall no craftsman, whatever be his craft, in this city earn his hire.  
Hushed shall be the voice of the millstone, even of the mill,  
And the sounds of all trade in thy streets shall be silent forever and ever.  
The light of lamps above thee at night shall be seen no more.

And the sound of voice joined unto a voice, the voice of the bride and of the bridegroom,  
The voice that calls in answer from within, they shall be heard no more.  
And all of those delights which drew all people to this city are at an end, alas!  
The wondrous city that in purple and in gold was ever clothed,  
And decked with pearls and with precious stones!  
Now the harps have stilled their music, all the instruments their song,  
Yea, the lovely music of the trumpeters and pipers, blending of voice with another voice,  
All of these in thy streets are silent forever.  
And the sound of the millstone,  
Yea, the rumbling refrain of the millstone, even it shall be still within thee forever.

### **Jerusalem**

Yea, I, John, did see the Holy City, yea, the blessed new Jerusalem, coming down from heaven,  
from the side of God, lovely as a bride who for her husband is adorned.  
And then I heard a voice and it did say:  
Behold the tabernacle of God with his own people, the Lord shall make his dwelling with them.  
And they shall be his chosen people, the Lord, God Himself there will dwell.  
And He, He shall be their God.  
Jerusalem, the new Jerusalem,  
which the Lord our God hath built well as a place that is compact together, Jerusalem.  
The Lord shall dry all the tears of those that weep (and now is sorrow done forever).  
Yea, and death shall be no more. (Now our life shall begin again.)  
Ah! May my tongue to my palate straightway cleave, and may my hand lose its cunning,  
if my heart is ever false unto thee, Jerusalem.  
Lo, winter is past, the rain now is over and gone, and flowers have appeared on every hillside.  
The doves singing from the rooftops pour out their music.  
Now the fig tree puts forth its buds, the grapevine giveth out its wonderful odor.  
Oh, arise my dearest love, and come!  
Like a lily surrounded by thorns, thus is my well-beloved one among the other maidens.  
Oh, I have looked for thee in every crevice and under all the stairways,  
in all the hidden places of the ramparts. Only come, my dearest love!  
Oh, now let me hear thy voice, that is as honey. (Now the turtledove sings low.)  
Oh, my beloved is mine, yea, and I am his!  
Until the shades of night desert us, till the winds of morning blow,  
what are these wounds that do appear upon thy hands?  
Ah! May then my right hand lose all its cunning,  
and there shall be no more night, and thou shalt have no need to light thy way with a candle,  
for God, the Lord of Hosts eternal, the Lord our God Himself shall give thee light.  
The portals of Jerusalem never shall be shut again by day or night.  
I will give unto him that suffers thirst  
a draught of the fountain that floweth freely from out the well of living water.  
And I saw the stream of that living water flowing as crystal,  
pure and clear from beneath the throne of the Lord and of the Lamb,  
if my heart is untrue to thee, Jerusalem.  
Oh, my beloved is mine, yea, and I am his!

**LE JEUNE: REVECY VENIR DU PRINTEMPS (SPRING IS RETURNING)**

*Refrain:* Spring is returning,  
the amorous and fair season.

The currents of water that seek  
The canal in summer become clearer;  
And the sea calms her waves,  
Softens the sad anger.

The duck, elated, dives in,  
And washes itself happily in the water.  
And the crane breaks its path,  
Crosses back and flies away.

*(Refrain)*

The sun shines brightly  
With a most serene clarity:  
From the cloud the shadow flies  
And plays and runs and darkens  
And forests and fields and hillsides,  
Human labor makes green again,  
And the prairie unveils its flowers.

*(Refrain)*

From Venus' son, Cupid,  
The universe is seeded in milk,  
Is warmed by his flames.  
Animals that fly in the air,  
Animals that slither in the fields,  
Animals that swim in the seas,  
Even the unsentient ones,  
Once in love, are melted by pleasure.

*(Refrain)*

So let us laugh: and let us seek out  
The frolicking and the games of Spring  
All the world laughs in pleasure:  
Let us celebrate the happy season,

*(Refrain)*

**BERNSTEIN: FRENCH CHORUSES FROM THE LARK**

**Spring Song**

*Spring is returning. Alleluia. Amen.*

**Court Song**

Beware, my dear husband, for I have a lover!  
He is both beautiful and noble, I love him totally.  
He serves me not just by night, but day and night.  
I love him totally.

**Soldier's Song**

Long live Joan, the pretty, pretty Joan!

**HINDEMITH (RILKE): SIX CHANSONS**

**La Biche** (The Doe)

O doe: what beautiful interior  
of ancient forests abounds in your eyes;  
so much profound confidence  
mixed with so much fear.  
All that, borne by the lively  
graciousness of your bounds.  
But nothing ever arrives  
on this unimposing  
ignorance of your front.

**Un Cygne** (The Swan)

A swan moves over the water,  
all enwrapped by itself,  
like a gliding picture;  
and thus at certain moments  
a being that one loves  
is all a moving space.  
It approaches, doubled,  
like that swan that swims  
on our troubled soul...  
that adds to this being  
the trembling image  
of happiness and of doubt.

**Puisque tout passe** (Since all is passing)

Since all is passing, let us  
Compose a short-lived melody;  
The same one that allays our thirst  
Is bound to kill us one day.  
Let us sing what leaves us,  
Artfully, lovingly :  
And let us be quicker  
Than the quick departure.

**Printemps** (Springtime)

O melody of the life-blood  
which from the instruments  
of all these trees rises,  
accompany the singing  
of our too loud voices.  
It's during some measures  
only that we follow  
the multiple forms  
of your long abandon,  
O abounding nature.  
When we will have to be silent,  
others will continue...  
But now, what to do to make you my  
great heart complementary?

**En Hiver** (In Winter)

In winter murderous death  
enters the houses;  
he seeks out the sister, the father  
and pretends to like them.  
But when the earth moves  
under the spade of springtime  
death runs through the streets  
and greets the passers by.

**Vergers** (Orchard)

Never is the ground more real  
than in your branches, o blond orchard,  
nor more floating than the lace  
that the shadows make on the lawn.  
There meets what is left to us,  
what weighs on us and nourishes us,  
with the obvious passing of infinite tenderness.  
But to your heart the calm fountain,  
Nearly sleeping in its ancient round,  
of this contrast barely speaks,  
as in her so much he melts.

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